

A HINT TO YOUR WIFE!
A COLLECTION OF NOTABLE
MENUS FOR THANKSGIVING
At Leading Hotels from Maine to Arizona
SEE THE EVENING WORLD TO-DAY.
PRICE ONE CENT.

EXTRA
2 O'CLOCK.
LITTLEWOOD.

The Englishman Holds a Slight Lead
Over Moore.

Queensberry Set the Forty Peds
Going at Midnight.

Several in the Soup
Before Daylight.

A Pretty and Plucky British
Boy of Sixteen.

Champion Albert Hopes His
Record Will Be Broken.

A Comfortable Dime Museum
Offer to Queensberry.

SCORE AT 12.30 P. M.

Miles.	Time.	Miles.	Time.
Littlewood	50	Queensberry	73
Moore	73	Hart	73
Queensberry	73	Hart	67
Moore	74	Golden	71
Moore	70	Day	71
Moore	67	Cartwright	77

The dyspeptic who imagines that the six-day-race...
"Positively the last go-as-you-please in the famous old pavilion" was announced to start when the midnight bell should have been rung.

At a little after 11 o'clock the house was full to the doors and the portals were closed against all later comers. There were at least 9,000 people in the garden at that time.

At 11:30 a carriage drawn by four horses drew up before the Madison Avenue entrance with much pomp, and four gentlemen alighted.

The entry of the party into the great pavilion was in the nature of a triumphal march, and some of the audience cheering and applauding as the world went from mouth to mouth that the stranger was the great Englishman, the great sportsman.

The Marquis and his friends were escorted to a convenient place in the garden where the spectators were to start.

And here the nobleman received calls from several distinguished Americans and some of the English friends. Among the former were Parsons, Davies, of Chicago; Boston and New York's own John C. Kennedy; William O'Brien and Tom Grogan, of New York; and the champion of the American Athletic Club, the champion of the American Athletic Club, the champion of the American Athletic Club.

Dr. Ed Plummer, chief scorer of a thousand feet, spluttered about like a leaking tea kettle when he saw the score of assistance for the coming day, and the Marquis of Queensberry was every bit as much as the Marquis of Queensberry.

In the space where the circus arena is laid, fifty fairs made a tremendous din in their efforts to lure the cash from the pockets of a gullible sublimity, and the Marquis of Queensberry was every bit as much as the Marquis of Queensberry.

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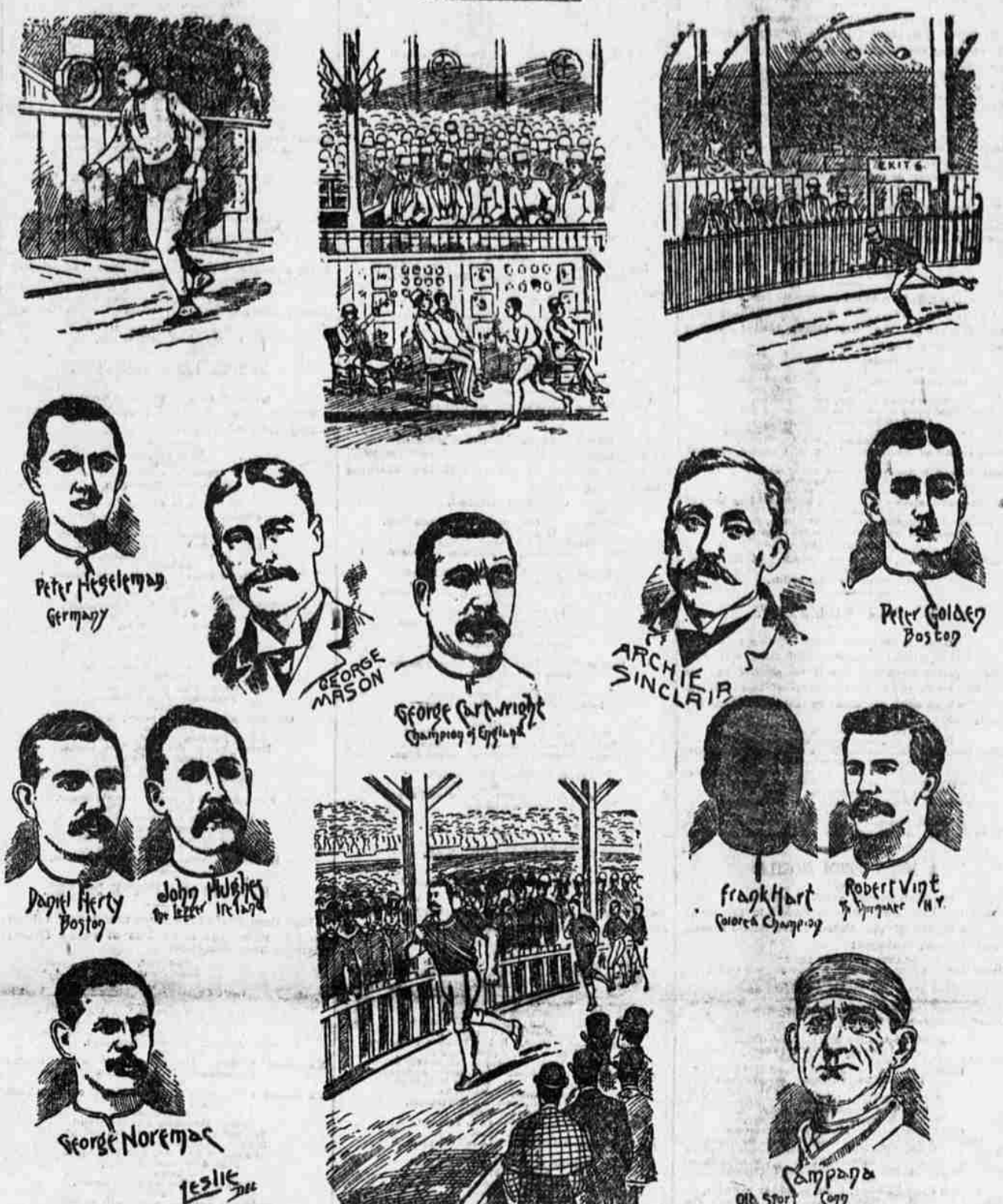
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THE LAST GREAT CONTEST ON THE TANBARK.

Portraits of Manager O'Brien, Referees Kilrain and Mitchell, and Many of the Peds in This Competition.



American chap named Sullivan ought to be...
The Marquis, a spare-faced man with little brown side whiskers, hardly threw off his...
At a signal he shouted to the thirty-seven...
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80 GUESTS PANIC-STRICKEN.

DRIVEN OUT IN THE STORM BY FIRE IN A JERSEY CITY HOTEL.

Half-Clothed Women and Men Take Refuge in the Pennsylvania Railroad Depot—Great Suffering From Exposure—The Leading Lady of the "Siberia" Company First in the Mad Rush to the Street.

The eighty-one guests at Taylor's Hotel in Jersey City passed through a wild experience of fire, panic and exposure before daylight this morning.

A defective fire in the kitchen of the hotel started a blaze at about 3.30 o'clock, and a few minutes after great clouds of smoke were rolling through the corridors and into the rooms of the sleeping guests.

The engineer and fireman rushed from room to room arousing the sleepers, and wild shrieks soon resounded from every direction.

Gatekeeper Joseph Wilson, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, saw the smoke pouring from the windows and rang the alarm from a post at the depot.

The leading lady of the "Siberia" company led the van in a mad rush across the slippery street to the Pennsylvania Railroad depot.

Several of the ladies of the "Siberia" company may be remembered as having been in the panic-stricken crowd.

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A GALLOPING GALE.

It Came from the Tropics, but Blew Itself Cold.

Wires Swept Down, as They Were in the Blizzard.

A Dozen Barges Sunk and a General Mess Through the Weather.

Winter started in yesterday with a wild barbaric yawn, and just woke the town up. It wasn't really winter, because yesterday's weather, which is so beautifully continued to-day, stuck up its head down by the West Indies. It was a tropical cyclone.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday it lugged around the Florida coast and made things unpleasant there. Then it started off on a canter along the seaboard, took the shipping in its teeth, worried the seaports and near inland towns, and after a short pause for refreshment, just off the coast south of New England, it has struck off along the Gulf Stream to whop it up in the path of the transatlantic incoming steamers and smaller fry.

It is giving an awful whack with its tail to New England, and this morning Bostonians are trying to keep their teeth in with a sixty-miles-an-hour gale countering on them.

Altogether, although this first instalment of sensational weather dumped on New York pales before last March's blizzard, it was a very pretty outburst for so early in the season.

The highest velocity that the wind had here was thirty-eight miles an hour. The South-east seemed, but the lake region, the coast of New England, the coast of New England, the coast of New England.

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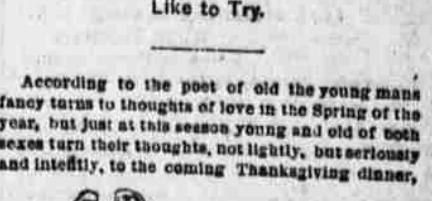
THANKSGIVING MENUS.

Masterpieces of the Chefs of the Country.

Bills of Thanksgiving Fare from Maine to Arizona.

Plenty of Useful Hints for the Perplexed Housewife.

Here and There May Be an Item You Would Like to Try.



According to the poet of old the young man fancy turns to thoughts of love in the Spring of the year, but just at this season young and old of both sexes turn their thoughts, not lightly, but seriously and intently, to the coming Thanksgiving dinner.

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